

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE 75¢ 70¢ 50¢



OCT. 1972



VAMPIRE TALES

MATRIMONIAL MURDERER

MRS. BELLE SUMMERS, A SHORT 280-POUND WOMAN WITH A MAINE HOG'S AND SEVERAL SETS OF CHINS, INSPIRED GUTS PROSPEROUS UPON HER HUSBAND'S DEATH "WHEN A MEAT CRUMMER FELL ON THE POOR MAN'S HEAD..."

"PURCHASED A SMALL PLOT OF LAND OUTSIDE OF TOWN AFTER THE FIRE, SHE BURNED HOGS, ALWAYS DRENCHED IN BLOOD-THINNED GOMERALS AND APRON. SHE OFTEN COMPLAINED THAT CARING FOR THREE CHILDREN REQUIRED THE BUTCHERING OF ALMOST 100..."

THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 28, 1968, A FIRE RADED THE WADWORTH SMALL HOME. THE CHARRED REMAINS OF A HAPLESS WOMAN AND THREE CHILDREN WERE DISCOVERED IN THE BIRMINGHAM COUNTY CORONER, HOWEVER, TESTIFIED THAT THE FEMALE CORPSE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN THE OBESSE BELLE GUNNERS, WHILE THE BODY WAS THAT OF A WOMAN WHO WEIGHED LESS THAN 150 POUNDS...

THE SQUABBLE CASE WAS ABOUT TO BE CLOSED WHEN A STRANGER APPEARED. HE WAS SEEING THE WHEREABOUTS OF HIS BROTHER WHO HE CLAIMED HAD WED THE WADWORTH WOMAN THREE MONTHS PREVIOUSLY. THE CORONER COULD NOT IDENTIFY THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER, THUS HE WEEPS. IT WAS REVEALED THAT THE WOMAN HAD REQUESTED HER PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND TO BRING \$600 TO CLEAR THE HOUSE'S NOTHABURD ANNUAL RENT. THEY WOULD BE MARRIED, AND ALTHOUGH THE STRANGER CLAIMED HIS BROTHER HAD COMPLIED WITH BELLE'S REQUEST, NO WEDDING HAD BEEN PRECOCED IN THE TOWN WITHIN A YEAR--MUCH LESS WITH THE BROTHER'S WIDOW NUMBER AS THE BRIDE...

INVESTIGATING THE MYSTERY, THE SHERIFF LOCATED A HOGS PIT NEARBY THE WADWORTH HOME. A CONVENIENTLY DISPOSED OF BURNT WOMAN'S BODY, 44 INCHES TALL, WAS PLACED INTRAMONIAL. INNATE-APRIL IN PAPER. ACROSS THE COUNTRY LIES LONG-SICK MEN AND THEIR WIVES TO HER FAIR, POISONING THEM WITH LIQUID AFTER-DINNER COFFEE. SHE HAD SLICED UP THREE HEADS IN WITH A SAWHORSE HAMMER AND DISSECTED THEM IN THE PIT AT HER LITIGUE, PROFOUND OF THE BOSSIS. BELLE WAS ABLE TO KEEP THE PILLING GUTS OF 14 MEN--A TOTAL OF \$6,000 WAS WALKED FROM THE 14 MEN--WIFE. UPON BELLE SET THE FIRE WHICH KILLED HER CHILDREN AND FLEW WITH HER ILL-GOTTEN FORTUNE. THE HEADLESS WOMAN'S BODY WAS IDENTIFIED AS A MAN WHO HAD DISCOVERED BELLE'S MURKEDOOL, BUT THE MATRIMONIAL MAMM--METHORAS HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND...

BEEN CHECKING THE MATRIMONIAL ADS IN YOUR LOCAL PAPER LATELY? NAMES, IF YOU ARE ONE IN WHICH A PET RINGLE WOMAN IS LOOKING FOR A DANNY HUSBAND, BE CAREFUL! IT MAY BE BELLE LOOKING FOR HER NEXT VICTIM!



OUR COVER:
Artist Luis Dominguez portrays a beauti-
ful woman listening before the men per-
sonal. JOURNAL FROM THE STORY "FOL-
LIGENCE, Brother, Pennsylvania." Page 62.

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COVER:
Luis Domínguez

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\$131,072,000.00 FOR 262,144,000 COPIES. \$262,144,000.00 FOR 524,288,000 COPIES. \$524,288,000.00 FOR 1,048,576,000 COPIES. \$1,048,576,000.00 FOR 2,096,152,000 COPIES. \$2,096,152,000.00 FOR 4,192,304,000 COPIES. \$4,192,304,000.00 FOR 8,384,608,000 COPIES. \$8,384,608,000.00 FOR 16,769,216,000 COPIES. \$16,769,216,000.00 FOR 33,538,432,000 COPIES. \$33,538,432,000.00 FOR 67,076,864,000 COPIES. \$67,076,864,000.00 FOR 134,153,728,000 COPIES. \$134,153,728,000.00 FOR 268,307,456,000 COPIES. \$268,307,456,000.00 FOR 536,614,912,000 COPIES. \$536,614,912,000.00 FOR 1,073,229,824,000 COPIES. \$1,073,229,824,000.00 FOR 2,146,459,648,000 COPIES. \$2,146,459,648,000.00 FOR 4,292,919,296,000 COPIES. \$4,292,919,296,000.00 FOR 8,585,838,592,000 COPIES. \$8,585,838,592,000.00 FOR 17,171,677,184,000 COPIES. \$17,171,677,184,000.00 FOR 34,343,354,368,000 COPIES. \$34,343,354,368,000.00 FOR 68,686,708,736,000 COPIES. \$68,686,708,736,000.00 FOR 137,373,417,472,000 COPIES. \$137,373,417,472,000.00 FOR 274,746,834,944,000 COPIES. \$274,746,834,944,000.00 FOR 549,493,669,888,000 COPIES. \$549,493,669,888,000.00 FOR 1,098,987,339,776,000 COPIES. \$1,098,987,339,776,000.00 FOR 2,197,974,679,552,000 COPIES. \$2,197,974,679,552,000.00 FOR 4,395,949,359,104,000 COPIES. \$4,395,949,359,104,000.00 FOR 8,791,898,718,208,000 COPIES. \$8,791,898,718,208,000.00 FOR 17,583,797,436,416,000 COPIES. \$17,583,797,436,416,000.00 FOR 35,167,594,872,832,000 COPIES. \$35,167,594,872,832,000.00 FOR 70,335,189,745,664,000 COPIES. \$70,335,189,745,664,000.00 FOR 140,670,379,491,328,000 COPIES. \$140,670,379,491,328,000.00 FOR 281,340,758,982,656,000 COPIES. \$281,340,758,982,656,000.00 FOR 562,681,517,965,312,000 COPIES. \$562,681,517,965,312,000.00 FOR 1,125,363,035,930,624,000 COPIES. \$1,125,363,035,930,624,000.00 FOR 2,250,726,071,860,248,000 COPIES. \$2,250,726,071,860,248,000.00 FOR 4,501,452,143,720,496,000 COPIES. \$4,501,452,143,720,496,000.00 FOR 9,002,904,287,440,992,000 COPIES. 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2,718,454,795,480,154,812,880,400,849,951,964,024,000 COPIES. \$2,718,454,795,480,154,812,880,400,849,951,964,024,000.00 FOR 5,436,909,590,960,309,625,760,800,849,951,963,512,000 COPIES. \$5,436,909,590,960,309,625,760,800,849,951,963,512,000.00 FOR 10,873,819,181,920,618,151,520,400,849,951,963,024,000 COPIES. \$10,873,819,181,920,618,151,520,400,849,951,963,024,000.00 FOR 21,747,638,363,840,123,803,040,800,849,951,962,512,000 COPIES. \$21,747,638,363,840,123,803,040,800,849,951,962,512,000.00 FOR 43,495,276,727,680,247,606,080,800,849,951,962,024,000 COPIES. \$43,495,276,727,680,247,606,080,800,849,951,962,024,000.00 FOR 86,985,553,455,360,494,123,160,800,849,951,961,512,000 COPIES. \$86,985,553,455,360,494,123,160,800,849,951,961,512,000.00 FOR 173,971,106,910,720,988,246,320,400,849,951,961,024,000 COPIES. \$173,971,106,910,720,988,246,320,400,849,951,961,024,000.00 FOR 347,942,213,821,440,197,692,640,800,849,951,960,512,000 COPIES. \$347,942,213,821,440,197,692,640,800,849,951,960,512,000.00 FOR 695,884,426,642,880,395,385,280,800,849,951,960,024,000 COPIES. \$695,884,426,642,880,395,385,280,800,849,951,960,024,000.00 FOR 1,391,768,853,285,760,790,770,400,849,951,959,512,000 COPIES. \$1,391,768,853,285,760,790,770,400,849,951,959,512,000.00 FOR 2,783,537,706,571,520,150,150,400,849,951,959,024,000 COPIES. \$2,783,537,706,571,520,150,150,400,849,951,959,024,000.00 FOR 5,567,075,413,142,040,300,300,800,849,951,958,512,000 COPIES. \$5,567,075,413,142,040,300,300,800,849,951,958,512,000.00 FOR 11,134,150,826,284,080,600,600,800,849,951,958,024,000 COPIES. \$11,134,150,826,284,080,600,600,800,849,951,958,024,000.00 FOR 22,268,300,163,568,160,300,300,800,849,951,957,512,000 COPIES. \$22,268,300,163,568,160,300,300,800,849,951,957,512,000.00 FOR 44,536,600,327,136,320,600,600,800,849,951,957,024,000 COPIES. \$44,536,600,327,136,320,600,600,800,849,951,957,024,000.00 FOR 89,072,200,654,272,640,960,960,800,849,951,956,512,000 COPIES. \$89,072,200,654,272,640,960,960,800,849,951,956,512,000.00 FOR 178,144,400,138,544,128,960,960,800,849,951,956,024,000 COPIES. \$178,144,400,138,544,128,960,960,800,849,951,956,024,000.00 FOR 356,288,800,277,088,256,960,960,800,849,951,955,512,000 COPIES. \$356,288,800,277,088,256,960,960,800,849,951,955,512,000.00 FOR 712,576,160,554,176,512,960,960,800,849,951,955,024,000 COPIES. \$712,576,160,554,176,512,960,960,800,849,951,955,024,000.00 FOR 1,425,152,320,113,088,024,960,960,800,849,951,954,512,000 COPIES. \$1,425,152,320,113,088,024,960,960,800,849,951,954,512,000.00 FOR 2,850,304,640,226,176,048,960,960,800,849,951,954,024,000 COPIES. \$2,850,304,640,226,176,048,960,960,800,849,951,954,024,000.00 FOR 5,700,608,120,452,352,096,960,960,800,849,951,953,512,000 COPIES. \$5,700,608,120,452,352,096,960,960,800,849,951,953,512,000.00 FOR 11,401,216,240,904,704,192,960,960,800,849,951,953,024,000 COPIES. 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VAMPIRELLA

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ISSUE No. 20

OCTOBER 1972

SCARLET LETTERS

SCANNED LETTERS "You really ought to run for President, VAMP!" writes reader Steve Rende. "You are intelligent, liberal, and best of all, very good looking."

WHEN WAKES THE DEAD

continuing adventures of VAMPIRELLA in her pose as Miss Ella Normandy, psychic researcher to the Van Helsing brothers in the early 19th Century.

GENDER BENDER

SEVEN: DEMENTIA A disorder of that private world of the id, that part of the human brain where the forces of life and death wage constant battle for supremacy.

VAMPI'S BOOK REVIEWS

Top *Vampirella* critic Chuck McNaughton reviews *The Phantom*, *Prince Valiant*, and *Ghost Stories* in a new column for VAMPI literature buffs!

LOVE IS NO GAME

John, but she didn't know how to go about getting him. Once he began to dig her, she wanted only to know how to get out of her grave situation.

EYE OPENER Sol wa

far afield, and stumbled upon a haunted house! You might say his eyes popped out at what he saw!

VAMPI'S FLAMES

Greg Potter plus a spine-chilling terror trove of Fan stories, including one titled, "The Safe" about a not-so-loving couple.

VENGEANCE, BROTHER, VENGEANCE! Walk the nar-

ways of the distant past with brother Furlon as he carries a vessel of snake's venom and goatswain. Beware your footing.



"I was dreaming when I read Vampirella!"

Lover of the Bayou" in VAMPIRELLA #17 was shaped but the art was fantastic. What do you have against women? I bet! Maybe a few of the ladies act like mad dogs but that's not the way I see it. VAMPIRELLA has got to be the best comic heroine ever! Instead of being a saccharine nothing, VAMPIRELLA has an element of evil about her. Anytime over eight years old gets tired of Lois Lane types.

DANIELLE BROWN
Salt Lake City, Utah

VAMPIRELLA, you're the greatest vampress I've ever set eyes on! Never mind this mushy stuff, however. This is in response to Jerome Heitz's letter in VAMPIRELLA #17 (Reader's Heitz) wrote that VAMPIRELLA should be more style conscious & occasionally change costumes—ed. I personally think you're perfect just the way you are.

BELA L. LOVAS
Dolton, Ill.

Enrich is fantastic! I like his work more than Fraenkel's. Even my Art teacher was impressed by Enrich's cover of VAMPIRELLA #17.

JAMES CUELLAR
Pine River, Calif.

VAMPIRELLA ought to return to Drakulon in a future adventure. Adam Van Helsing should accompany her if he really loves her. I don't know, of course, but the sound of the mad God, Chaos strikes me as funny. Wish your writer would change it as it reminds me of Chaos on TV's "Get Smart."

T.M.
Lyndebrook, N.Y.

Even though VAMPIRELLA #17 was a bit gloomy, I must say that "Lover of the Bayou" was quite a trip! Fantastic!

FRED GORK
Redwood City, Calif.

What's this I've been reading about the Aurora VAMPIRELLA model kit being corrupt? This is all out of proportion! A Dear Abby newspaper column claimed the kits come with a free beaker of blood! Either this is an absurd lie or I was cheated. Another article claimed that torture chambers break children's bones. I'm a fan game.

SAM L. IRVIN JR.
Asheville, N.C.

When we originally licensed Aurora to produce VAMPIRELLA Hobby Kits, we had no idea they were going to portray her as someone who "torured" victims. We're glad that Aurora had discontinued this bad image of our favorite lady.—Ed.



In the shadowy world of the Dreamlayer ("Beware, Dreamers"—VAMPIRELLA #17), Adam Van Helsing became victim to VAMPIRELLA's bloodlust. Writes Glendale, Calif., reader JERRY AUSTIN, "The VAMPIRELLA story in VAMPIRELLA #17 was like a dream."

You really ought to run for President, VAMPIRELLA. You are intelligent, liberal, and beautiful—very good looking! However, I wouldn't want the Presidency to interfere with your present occupation as heroine of the VAMPIRELLA series. My favorite authors of all time are J.R.R. Tolkein, Steinbeck, and Ovid. Your magazine seems to contain a mixture of all three. Especially enjoy the use of mythology in VAMPIRELLA.

STEVE READE
Eugene, Oregon

Enrich deserves a gold medal for his cover of VAMPIRELLA #17. Yours is the best magazine going, VAMPIRELLA is second best and Creepy, well, what can I say? "Lover of the Bayou" was out-of-sight!

CRAIG McPHERSON
Lachine, Canada

Unfortunately, I don't share the enthusiasm most of your readers have for VAMPIRELLA. Mind you, I still buy at least two copies of each issue but only to keep up my collection. Lately, I think the artwork's taken a nose-dive. The last truly outstanding issue of VAMPIRELLA was #12. You've replaced the artistic genius of issues past with good but not great art. Only Jose Bas and Luis Garcia do work that I would call noticeable. The only decent story in VAMPIRELLA #17 was "A Man's World." It had the kind of relevance we've been waiting for.

GARY KIMBER
Ontario, Canada

Of all the Warren magazines, VAMPIRELLA is the best! You're much better than Sleepy and Weary. Especially last "Beware, Dreamers" in VAMPIRELLA #17. Anytime you need blood, feel free to put the bite on me.

MICHAEL B. COLE
Great Neck, N.Y.

Here's a rundown on what I thought of VAMPIRELLA #17. Overall, I'd rate it an A, but I'm not grading it overall, but rather story by story. "Beware, Dreamers" has to be one of the greatest VAMPIRELLA stories yet! "Horus" was dull and "Exorcising" "Death in the Shadow" tied for second place with "A Man's World." Both stories were awfully good. "Lover of the Bayou" gets third place. I'd rate "The Wedding Ring" on par with "Horus." I hope there are at least a million issues of VAMPIRELLA to come.

JONATHAN VANDENGRIFT
Hannibal, Pa.

Is that all?

VAMPIRELLA #17 was magnificent! Enrich's cover was superb. He is one of your very best cover artists. Top story was "A Man's World." The way those women prepared dinner was mind-bending! Glad to see you finally have a Fan Club. VAMPIRELLA, I'd been waiting for one a long time.

RICK MORGAN
Poolesville, Md.

Just recently purchased my first VAMPIRELLA #17, and have devoured it from cover to cover. I was most impressed with the writing and the artwork. One question—Are you a policewoman from the planet Drakulon? I get the impression you are but don't know for sure. Keep up the good work and sell skin-head and Pudgy Pugs to eat their hearts out inadvertently. I'm no kid! I am a 25-year-old Vietnam veteran who digs VAMPIRELLA.

RICHARD D. CHAPMAN
Palos Verdes, Calif.

Thanks for your sentiments, Richard. Sorry, but I'm not a police-woman from the planet, Drakulon. At least not yet.



THE TIME IS THE LATE 19th CENTURY. THE PLACE, THE MANSION OF BORIS AND ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, FORBears OF THE MODERN VAN HELSINGS, TWO BROTHERS UNITED IN THE TURN OF THE CENTURY BATTLE TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE DRACULA. NEXT TO THEM, THEIR LABORATORY ASSISTANT, A GIRL FROM THE STARS, DRESSING AS MISS ELLA NORMANDY, A GIRL KNOWN BETTER, AS...

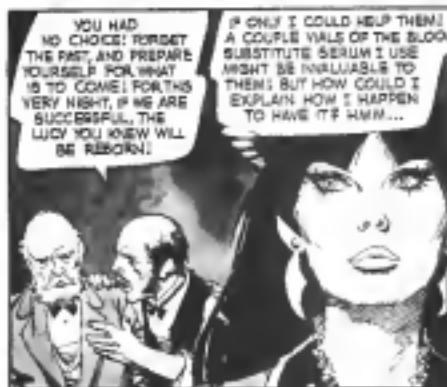
VAMPIRELLA

ONE CAN STILL
SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL
SHE WAS. POOR LUCY
VICTIM TO THE BEAST
DRACULA! NOW ONE
OF THE
UNDEAD. *



YET ANOTHER CURSED BY
THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE! IF THE
DOCTORS VAN HELSING ONLY
KNEW THAT ANOTHER, NOT UNLIKE
DRACULA, STANDS AMONG THEM...
SENT HERE BY THEIR DESCENDANTS
CONRAD AND ADAM VAN HELSING.
OH, ADAM, IF ONLY THIS WORKS. IF
ONLY WE CAN FIND THE CURE FOR
VAMPIRISM. IN THIS TIME, I CAN
RETURN TO YOU CURED. *

BEFORE THEM LIES THE PERFECTLY PRESERVED BODY OF LUCY WESTENRA, AN EARLY VICTIM OF THE MONSTER, CALLED DRACULA, IN 1897. THE FIRST VAN HELSING, THE DOCTORS BORIS AND ABRAHAM, WERE ON THE VERGE OF DISCOVERING A CURE FOR VAMPIRISM. SENT BACK IN TIME, THROUGH CONRAD VAN HELSING'S POWERS OF WHITE
MAGIC/WHITE MAGIC, VAMPIRELLA JOINS THEM IN THEIR FIGHT. SO TOO DOES DRACULA WHO WAITS EVEN NOW, BOUND IN TIME, WRESTLING WITH THE AGE-OLD CONFLICT IN HIS SOUL. ENKINDLED AGAIN BY THE CONJURERS.





WHEN WAKES THE DEAD

A SECOND INJECTION! BUT WASN'T THAT OUR ANTI-VAMPIRISM SERUM THAT YOU JUST GAVE HER?

YES! BUT THANKS TO COUNT DRACULA, WE HAVE A BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM AS WELL TO HELP HER REGAIN HER STRENGTH! THE COUNT DISCOVERED IT AND GAVE IT TO ME ONLY THIS MORNING! I TOLD YOU HIS SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE WOULD PROVE INVALUABLE!



IT'S REALLY MY BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM, BUT I HAD TO LET DRACULA TAKE THE CREDIT--THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE A LOWLY LABORATORY ASSISTANT DISCOVERED IT!



IT DID WORK, AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE GIRL WHO HAD ONCE SLEPT IN THE COLD EARTH NOW WALKED UPON IT, ALWAYS AT HER SIDE WAS THE MAN WHO HAD BECOME HER FAITHFUL PROTECTOR, COUNT DRACULA...



YOU ARE SO KIND, COUNT! SO VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE DRACULA I KNEW!

SHE MUST NEVER KNOW I AM THAT SAME DRACULA AND YET--I SEEM TORN BY THIS PAPER, USE TO TELL HER, TO BARE MY SOUL--TO CONFESS THAT IT WAS I WHO CAUSED HER MISERY AND HER DEATH!



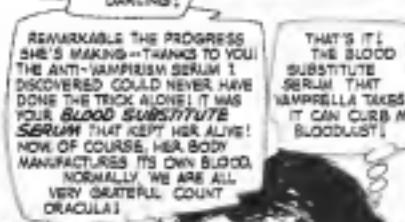
AND IF I DID, WOULD HER SMILE STAY AS SWEET? COULD EVEN ONE AS GENTLE AS SHE, FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE? THE SINS OF A CENTURY PAST RETURN TO HAUNT ME NOW--AS I REMEMBER HOW SWEET HER KISSES WERE WHEN I FIRST DECEIVED HER! SHE WAS AS TRUSTING THEN AS NOW--AND WHEN MY KISS BECAME THE KISS OF DEATH, SHE BARELY STRUGGLED, UNABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT WAS TRANSPIRING... HOW COULD I HAVE DONE THAT TO HER, & EVEN UNDER THE SPELL OF CHAOS, HOW COULD I?



HE LOOKS AFTER HER VERY WELL! PERHAPS I WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM AFTER ALL! HE DOES NOT SHUN THE DAYLIGHT--NOR, FEAR, THE CROSS--YET... SOMEHOW I FEEL HE DOES FEAR, WATCHING!

BUT AS NIGHT FALLS...







WHEN DRACULA HAS LEFT, VAMPIRELLA IS ALONE WITH HER OWN MISERY...



HERE GOES!
NOW THERE IS BUT
ONE LEFT!

ELSEWHERE IN THE MANSION, MINA HARKER RISES AS HER HUSBAND SLEEPS...



IT'S PROBABLY
FOOLISH, BUT I
SOMEHOW SENSE THAT
LUCY IS IN GRAVE
DANGER. IT WON'T
HURT TO LOOK IN ON
HER... JUST TO SATE
MY MIND!



LUCY?

I'M SORRY.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO
WAKE YOU! IT'S JUST
THAT... I WAS WORRIED
ABOUT YOU...



THAT'S VERY SWEET
OF YOU, MINA! BUT THERE'S
NO NEED TO WORRY—NOT
WITH DRACULA LOOKING
AFTER ME!



I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE HAPPY AGAIN,
LUCY! I'LL LET YOU GO
BACK TO SLEEP NOW!
GOOD NIGHT!

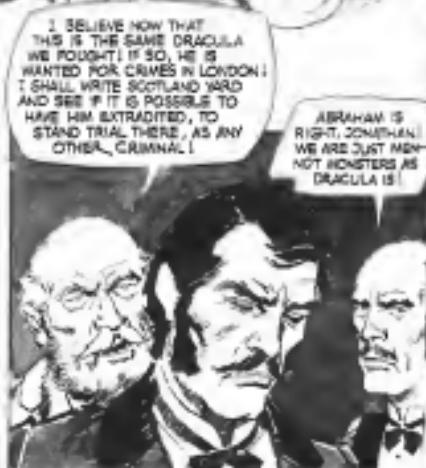
THANK YOU,
FOR WORRYING
ABOUT ME!
GOOD NIGHT!





MINA'S SCREAMS ECHO THROUGH THE MANSION AND...

THE SCREAMS HAVE ALERTED THE OTHERS IN THE MANSION, AND...



THE NEXT NIGHT...

MUST HURRY—I HAVE ONE VIAL OF BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM LEFT, AND THIS TENSION HAS MADE ME DESPERATE FOR IT! BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT, I HOPE CONRAD VAN HELSING WILL SENSE MY WORK IS DONE HERE, AND RETURN ME TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!



OH NO! I'VE DROPPED IT! MY HANDS WERE TOO SHAKY!

NOW THERE IS ALONE LEFT AND SOMEHOW—IN THIS STATE, I MUST RESCUE DRACULA!



I KNOW IT'S WRONG, WHAT I DO! AND IF I LOSE MY SOUL FOR IT, I LOSE IT GLADLY! FOR MINA, MY WIFE, MUST BE PROTECTED FROM THAT CREATURE! HE HAS ENDANGERED HER FOR THE LAST TIME... AND NOW, DRACULA MUST DIE!



I NEVER DREAMED I WOULD SOMEDAY RISK MY LIFE TO SAVE HIM! BUT NOW THAT I KNOW HE IS TRYING TO CHANGE HIS LIFE, AND THAT CARLOS WAS PRIMARILY RESPONSIBLE, I MUST! HOW CAN I HATE HIM FOR WHAT HE DID—WHEN I TOO FEEL THE SAME THINGS HE FEELS? WE ARE BOTH STRANGERS HERE, FROM OUR HOME WORLD OF DRACULON— I MUST SAVE HIM!



SILENTLY, JONATHAN HARKER, MAKES HIS WAY TO THE ROOM IN WHICH COUNT DRACULA IS CHAINED...



SOON WITH THE HELP OF A CHISEL, VAMPIRELLA HAS BROUGHT WITH HER...

I SHOULD HAVE YOU LOOSE BEFORE JONATHAN HARKER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!

THIS IS FAR, BETTER THAN I DESERVE, VAMPIRELLA!

NOW TO GET AS FAR FROM VAN HELSING MANSION AS WE CAN!



WHEN THEY ARE FAR AWAY, THEY PAUSE TO REST...

OH, VAMPIRELLA, WHAT DOES IT MATTER? WHAT LIFE IS THERE FOR ME NOW? I'VE KILLED LUCY... AND I'VE BETRAYED THE TRUST OF THE CONJURRESS, WHO TRIED TO HELP ME! HOW CAN YOU KNOW THE WAY I FEEL NOW?

BUT I DO KNOW! WE ARE BOTH CURSED WITH THE DRACULIAN NEED! ON OUR HOME PLANET, RIVERS OF BLOOD FED US! HERE WE ARE MURDERERS! I DO UNDERSTAND, DRACULA! AND I WISH I COULD HELP YOU -- BUT I CANNOT EVEN HELP MYSELF!



SUDDENLY, THE GODDESS FROM THE STARS APPEARS...

THE CONJURRESS!



YOU HAVE FAILED, DRACULA! I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO ATONE FOR YOUR EVIL! YOU COULD HAVE DONE THAT BY LYING AS A NORMAL MAN, BY CURING YOUR BLOODLUST, AND BY AIDING LUCY WESTENRA, WHOM YOU ONCE MURDERED! INSTEAD, YOU KILLED HER AGAIN -- BUT YOU ATONE nonetheless. THROUGH YOUR SHUG! THERE WILL BE OTHER TESTS, DRACULA, AND THEY WILL BE HARDER. I FEAR BECAUSE OF THIS!

SECOND, VAMPIRELLA! CONRAD VAN HELSING, OF YESTER-TIME, SUMMONS YOU NOW! AND REMEMBER THAT YOU TOO FAILED, AND GAVE IN TO THE TEMPTATION OF EVIL!

I'M VANISHING!

EPilogue: IN THE VAN HELSING MANSION OF 1997...

I CAN HARDLY BLAME YOU, BORIS, FOR BEING DECEIVED BY COUNT DRACULA, WHEN I MYSELF WAS DECEIVED BY ELLA NORMANDY! HOW IRONIC THAT WE BOTH CHOSE VAMPIRENESS AS OUR ASSISTANTS!

DRACULA: I THINK NOT! IT CANNOT BE MERE COINCIDENCE, ABRAHAM, THAT OUR RESEARCH ATTRACTED TWO SUCH CREATURES! OUR SEARCH FOR A CURE FOR VAMPIRISM HAS BROUGHT AN ILL FATE UPON VAN HELSING MANSION! IT WAS NOT MEANT THAT WE SHOULD RAISE THE DEAD! I HAVE DESTROYED ALL OUR RECORDS, SAWE DOWN A FEW PAGES!

I'M ONLY GRATEFUL THAT ANNA IS STILL ALIVE! STRANGE THAT ELLA DIDN'T KILL ME WHEN SHE HAD THE CHANCE! IT'S HARD TO THINK OF HER AS A VAMPIRE -- TO HATE HER AS I DO DRACULA!

PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T HATE HER, JONATHAN. PERHAPS WE SHOULD...

AND IN THE 20TH CENTURY VAN HELSING MANSION, WHERE VAMPIRE HAS JUST BEEN RETURNED BY CONRAD VAN HELSING'S SPELL...

PITY HER...

I BROUGHT YOU BACK AS SOON AS

MY SMOOTH SENSE TOLD ME THE PROJECT WAS OVER, SAD THAT IT MET SUCH A DIRE END! BUT WHAT OF THE FORMULA ITSELF? IT WILL BE OF ANY USE TO YOU!

I'M AFRAID NOT! IT WAS ONLY MEANT TO REVIVE THE LIVING DEAD KIND OF VAMPIRE! FOR A VAMPIRE SUCH AS MYSELF, IT'S USELESS!

I'M ONLY GLAD I HAVE YOU BACK, BARE, VAMPIRE OR NOT!

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, ADAM!

IS IT ONLY WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH THAT MAKES ME FEEL THIS WAY? OR IS IT THAT ADAM'S MUSCLE ARMS ARE NOT ENOUGH? NOW THAT I'VE FOUND ONE OF MY OWN KIND TO LOVE! NOW THAT I'VE FOUND...

DRACULA!

NEXT: SLITHERERS of the SAND!



"ADJUST PSYCH-SENDER TO DRIFTOUT FREQUENCY. DONE? GOOD. BRACE YOURSELF, QUESTER, YOU PHASE OUT IN TEN SECONDS."

"YOUR SENDER IS ON FREQUENCY FIVE, QUESTER? GOOD, YOU'LL ACHIEVE DRIFTOUT RIGHT WITH YOUR HUSBAND."

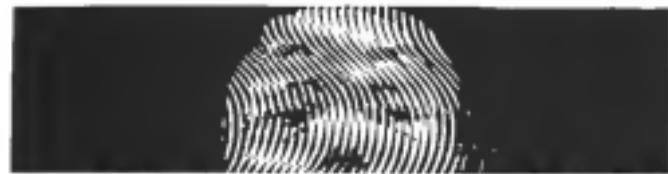


"NOW REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT TO ESCALATE TO A PRIVATE ID WAR BETWEEN YOU, IT IS A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT."

"ONCE REAWAKENED, YOU'LL GIVE US ALL THE IMPRESSIONS YOU RECEIVED OF EXPLORING YOUR OWN SUBCONSCIOUS. AND WE SHALL ATTEMPT TO LEARN WHO IS THE STRONGER, PSYCHICALLY. MAN OR WOMAN."



GENDER BENDER



ATOMB OF THE GODS EPISODE!

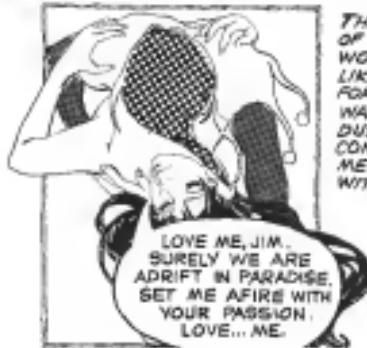


I'VE ALWAYS HAD A WISH-FANTASY OF EXPLORING OUTER SPACE. I EXPERIENCE IT NOW, VOYAGING PAST GALAXIES ON THE WAY TO MY OWN SUBCONSCIOUS.

SUCCESS! DRIFTOUT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED!
I AM ATTIRE AS A JESTER (SELF-
DERISION OF MY NAME, QUESTER?)
SINKING INTO A MACABRE GARISH LAND
I RECOGNIZE AND YET NOT RECOGNIZE.
NO SIGN OF CONNIE YET, BUT HER
PSYCHE SHOULD OCCUPY THIS UNIVERSE
COMPOSED OF BOTH OUR MENTAL
MAKE-UPS!



I TURN AND SHE IS POSED
BESIDE A MASSIVE MARBLE
PILLAR. A SOFT CREATURE
OF ESQUISITE FEMININE
BEAUTY, MUCH LOVELIER
THAN HER REALITY-SHELL
OF APPROACHING MIDDLE
AGE. IS THIS NEW FORM
HER CREATION?



THE EXPERIMENT! THE DUEL
OF WILLS BETWEEN MAN AND
WOMAN! I MUST NOT FORGET
LIKE SHE HAS... OR HAS SHE
FORGOTTEN? MAYBE SHE
WANTS HIM TO WIN THE
DUEL, AND IS
CONQUERING
ME WITH...
WITH...





SUDDENLY SHE STOPS.



I CAN BE
A JESTER TOO.
WATCH ME
CHANGE, JIM.



I STARE TRANSPiXED IN
SURPRISE AS SHE META-
MORPHISES INTO A
HUNDRED CLOWNS WITH
A HUNDRED FACES.
JUBILANT, DEPRESSED,
MYSTERICAL.



MY
EYES ARE
BURSTING
INTO FLAME
WE'RE FLOAT-
ING NOW,
DOWN TOWARD
SOME
FANTASTIC
BARREN
INTERIORS.



CONNIE !
WHAT... ARE
YOU DOING?
IN GOD'S NAME
WHAT ARE YOU
CONJURING UP?





THOUSAND
CHANGES NOW!
HARPIES, SORCE-
RESSSES, WITCHES!
BIZARRE SHE-LIFE-
FORMS I CANNOT
COMPREHEND. SHE
SHRIEKS AND
LEERS BEHIND
INDESCRIBABLE
PSYCHIC BEINGS.



FINALLY SHE ASSUMES CYCLOPEAN
FORM. I AM A PYGMY AGAINST
THE CREAMY WHITE VASTNESS
OF HER BODY. SHE HAS LEARNED
TO USE THE NEW POWERS GRANT-
ED HER IN THIS 10-DIMENSION WELL.

I UTILIZE MY OWN NEW-FOUNDED ABILITIES, AND BLANK OUT THE SCENE. I CAST HER INTO AN EERIE MOONLESS GRAVEYARD OF MARKERS, SKELETONS AND MOANING WINDS.



I STEAL FROM FRAGILE, PARALYZED LIPS.

SHE SCREAMS AS CLAMMY HANDS REACH FROM INKY TOMB DARKNESS. MY HANDS! I KNOW I HAVE CAUGHT HER BY SURPRISE. CONNIE IS HORRIFIED BY THE ALIEN FORM I'VE ADOPTED.



THEN I RIP OFF HER SINGLE MIST GARMENT AS SHE DROPS SCREAMING INTO A FIERY ABYSS.



SHE PLUMMETS DOWN A BILLION LIGHT YEARS OF SEARING PAIN TO STRIKE THE BRUTAL COARSENESS OF MY OUTSTRETCHED SHOULDERING COAL HAND.



ETERNITIES LATER, OUR BATTLE HALTS. WE FIND OURSELVES DRAWN TO A DARK YET BEAUTIFUL WORLD.



WE ARE GUARDED BY A GRIM FACELESS ARMY ON A PLAIN STRETCHING TO UNENDINGNESS. WE SENSE WE ARE AWAITING SOMETHING.



BUT NOW YOU DEGRADE,
OUR POWERS EVEN BEYOND OUR
UNDERSTANDING ! THE SCIENTISTS OF
CONSCIOUS-LAND HAVE UNLEASHED
THE SOUL-WORKINGS WE DID NOT
CREATE, **EVIL WORKINGS 'FOOLS!**
CAN YOU NOT CHANGE ? KNOW
YOU NOT HOW YOUR DUEL
MUST END ?



AT THE OLD WOMAN'S
BECKONING, MYRIAD
FORMS OF warped
MALIGNANT EVIL
SWARM FROM THE
LANDSCAPE. THEY
ATTACK CONNIE, AND
NOW START FOR ME.

"OBSERVE WELL,"
THE OLDS CRY, "THE
FRUITS OF YOUR
OWN DESTRUCTIVE
IMAGINATIONS."



WE DEPART NOW,
LEAVING YOU A DECISION.
LEAVE IN PEACE AND TELL
YOUR FELLOW HUMANS
WHAT YOU SAW, OR
CONTINUE YOUR DUEL...
TO A PRE-DETERMINED
END !



I SPREAD MY ARMS AND A WAVE OF DECAY ASSAULTS HER. HALF HER BODY COMMENCES TO ROT AWAY.

ONCE ALONE, THE EBO FORCE RETURNS. CONNIE IS A FANGED SERPENT SEEKING OUT MY THROAT.

I GRIP HER AND HURL HER TO THE ROCKY PLAIN. ALREADY I CAN SENSE HER IM-PENDING TRANS-FORMATION. I PREPARE BY AGAIN TRANS-FORMING MYSELF.

A MORE HIDEOUS DEADLY SERPENT-GUISE THAN BEFORE. BUT NOW I AM A PAIR OF DEMON BIRDS WITH RAZOR BEAKS AND CLAWS. I ATTACK.

THE
BATTLE
IS
VIOLENT
AND
VILE.



A CONSTRICTING COIL
KILLS ONE OF ME, BUT
ONE WINGED HORROR
STILL SLASHES AND CLAWS
THE SHE-SNAKE-THING.



VAMPI'S BOOK REVIEWS

Book No. 1, of

PRINCE VALIANT

by Hal Foster, with Max Trull
229 pp. Hastings House, \$2.85

The late Duke of Windsor once called Hal Foster's Sunday strip, PRINCE VALIANT, "The greatest work of English literature produced in this century. Small wonder."

Since 1937, Harold R. Foster has chronicled forthrightly chronicles of Prince Val's saga, taking him from teen hood, through war, marriage, family-rearing, and bumbling battle adventures.

Hastings House saw what a master epic it was making PRINCE VALIANT is and began putting out this series of (to date, 72) books back in 1951. If this first book doesn't whet your taste for the rest, someone has definitely drained you of your blood. Each page is captivatingly illustrated with panels from the original strip and with hot adaptation by one Max Trull. There are 1,010 over 350 illustrations.

The pictures are the magic of it. Every sword-belt, shield, and link of chain-mail was thoroughly researched for authenticity, and the adventure is in the grand style of History's drekky sagas, massacres, and sorcerers, falcons, jousts and quests for the fair princess Nene, that led Val to Norse and Celtic kingdoms, scaling castles, to the Doug Ferribus, fighting with blade and curving, and romancing with Viking sorcerers, and worthy knights of Arthur's Table Round. It's a truly great book. Right-ho! ye on!



A History of the COMIC STRIP

by Pierre Coppiot
and Maurice Kars
Greene, \$3.95
252 pp.

Everything you've always wanted to know about the comic strip, but didn't know who to ask, would be a good subtitle for this tome.

A stunning product of 6 French co-authors, it's a comprehensive, illustration-laden book you can proudly show your art teacher (particularly if he's the kind of snobish cat that says comics aren't Art) — Art, to us common folk! And you can use its statistics to show any stuffy English teacher that TERRY AND THE PIRATES, STEVE CANYON, ORPHAN ANNIE, and LIL' ABNER are about the most widely-read popular novels of all time.

Those to get the most from this book are serious fans of comic art, nostalgia buffs, sociologists, and, most anyone who wants to become a cartoonist. It deals with all aspects of comic strips, past and present, native or foreign, from drawing board to who reads em.

Among the hundreds of illustrations is a full-page splash pic of BUCK ROGERS, drawn by Frank Frazetta, the well-known cover artist for CREEPY, FERIE and VAMPIRELLA. That's not the only reason to buy this 252-page book. There are at least 250 others — as well as forewords by the Rembrandt of the Comics, Milton Caniff, who draws STEVE CANYON and Burne Hogarth, who drew TARZAN.

The Tandem Book of

GHOST STORIES

Edited by Charles Biddle
192 pp. Pantheon, \$2.95

The ghosts in this book are just about all British. The paperback comes from England, though two of the stories are written by Americans. This reviewer is unfamiliar with any of the authors represented, which is probably just as well. Stories and anthologies should sell themselves on the strength of the writing, not the name of the author.

There are twelve stories in this collection, and all seem to have the old British reserve. "Out of the Earth" has the most horrendous appearance of the dozen, and is the least strong story. My personal favorite is a yarn about an English vicar and his loving wife, who regularly rehabilitate wayward ghosts and encourage them to go to church. It's the lead story, "The Lost, Strayed, Stolen," by M.F.K. Fisher, an American and it was first published in The New Yorker magazine. Yes. The New Yorker.

This is mostly English slice-of-life or mainstream writing, to set up the supernatural elements for believability. Before the inexplicable things happen. A couple of the stories are more like studies in psychology with supernatural overtones, as with H.R. Wakefield's "The Third Coach." It's worth reading.

THE PHANTOM

by Lee Falk & Ray Moore
32 pp. Nestalgia Press, \$8.95

THE PHANTOM is a costumed-hero strip for people who don't like costumed heroes. He's more than just a guy in purple and black longjohns, brandishing a skull-ring, and perpetuating the rumor that he's 400 years old, so gullible tribesmen of Africa will heed his judgment. For one thing he was created in 1936 by Lee Falk, and drawn by Ray Moore.

THE PHANTOM ranks among the 12 most popular comic strips of all time, and is read in 63 foreign countries.

Why? Mainly, one suspects, because of Falk's dapper dialogue, not often seen in sooty-knup strips. Without this extra something, The Ghost Who Walks would be just another Saturday-afternoon serial hero. The charm to reading THE PHANTOM is a book made of a complete 1938 adventure called "The Pharaoh Who Hates His Sons." It's a richie-rich slice-of-life and witty dialogue unfold as in a well-paced, sophisticated adult movie of that day.

A droll example. One Count Bart, professional villain, comes up with ridiculous plan to take over all Africa, to which the PHANTOM smirkingly replies, "I know you were hard and shined, but I didn't think you'd be bumpy as well." You tell 'im Old Chap!

Or, when a matron has vowed the PHANTOM in her bedroom, her word is doubted, and she's advised by her daughter to avoid Welsh rabbit, "Every time you eat Welsh rabbit, you have nightmares!" My word!

©The Tandem Book of GHOST STORIES



PROLOGUE:



LOVE IS NO GAME

MR. JOHN!
WHY HAVE YOU
DONE THIS?

I DIDN'T
MEAN YOU AND
HAROLD ONLY...



NOW I AM FILLED WITH FEAR, UNABLE TO MOVE, UNAWARE OF EXACTLY WHAT LIES AHEAD YET, WHAT HAVE I DONE? NOW I BROUGHT THIS UPON MYSELF? NO, THIS CAN'T BE MY FAULT! I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG... NOW I THINK BACK...

BACK TO THE BEGINNING...
HEART-BROKEN, DAN WAS GONE,
AND MY LIFE SEEMED EMPTY.

DAN, OH, DAN!
IF ONLY YOU WOULD
COME BACK!

DAN HAD LIVED RIGHT NEXT DOOR, WE HAD BEEN
GOING STEADY FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, BUT THEN, HE
AND HIS PARENTS MOVED TO CALIFORNIA, AND I KNEW
I WOULD NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.



THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, THE NEW FAMILY MOVED INTO DANNY'S OLD HOUSE... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW JOHN...



AND IN A TWINKLING, MY HEARTACHE BEGAN TO WASH!



I PASSED HIS HOUSE THAT NEXT MORNING WHILE HE WAS RAKING THE LAWN... AND I TRIED TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION.



HE HAD BRUSHED ME OFF. WHY?



I CONFIDED MY PROBLEM TO MY BEST FRIEND, GENE...



PERHAPS GRIEN WAS RIGHT. PERHAPS THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIS ATTENTION. BUT STILL, I REFUSED TO DO IT... REFUSED TO CHEAPEN MYSELF BY USING SNEAKY, UNDERHANDED TRICKS! DAYS PASSED, AND I CONTINUED TO SIMPLY HOPE THAT, FOR SOME REASON, HE WOULD STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION WITH ME...



THREE DAYS WENT BY... AND FINALLY I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER...



OKAY, GRIEN! WELL, DO IT FOR ME!



IN A SECOND, HE WAS THERE AT MY SIDE, HELPING ME UP...



DO YOU THINK YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?

I... I'M NOT SURE! COULD YOU HELP ME BACK TO MY HOUSE?

CERTAINLY!

THEN HIS ARM WAS AROUND MY SHOULDER... AND HE WAS LEADING ME HOME...

HANG ON! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

OH DEAR GOD, FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO DISHONEST!





I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO THEN... WHERE TO GO... SO I STAYED HOME, IN MY ROOM, AND CRIED...

THEN I LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW... AND SAW JOHN HEADING OUT TOWARD THE WOODS BEHIND HIS HOUSE...

I COULDN'T CONTAIN MY CURIOSITY. I HAD TO FIND OUT. I WENT OUT AND FOLLOWED HIM... CAREFUL NOT TO BE SEEN...

WHAT IF HE KNOWS IT WAS A TRICK? HOW CAN I EVER FACE HIM AGAIN?

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S HE GOING?

HE'S HEADING TOWARD THE TALL TREES!



HE... HE DOES CARE ABOUT ME!

BUT HE'S SHY! THAT MUST BE THE ANSWER!

JOHN! IT'S TRUE! YOU HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT ME!

DOROTHY!



HE TOOK ME IN HIS STRONG, MUSCULINE ARMS...

I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS! NOT NOW!

BUT, JESUS! I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU...

HE SQUEEZED ME HARDER AND HARDER...

...EVER SINCE YOU FELL THAT FALL! YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL WOMEN! INAPPROPRIATE AND IMMORAL!

JOHN! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

STILL HE SQUEEZED ME HARDER. ...AND JUST BEFORE I PASSED OUT, I HEARD HIM SAY...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DIFFERENT! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE I COULD LOVE! BUT NO!

YOU DESERVE TO DIE -- JUST AS THREE DID!



HOW I AM AWAKE AGAIN, BUT I CANNOT MOVE... JOHN DID SOMETHING TO MY BACK IT IS ALIVE, BUT I KNOW I WON'T BE FOR LONG...

AND AS I LOOK AROUND, I SEE THE OTHER NAMES JOHN CARVED IN THE TREES... LILLY... MOLLY... WHO ARE THEY??...



AND ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THOSE TREES, MOUNDS OF DIRT... THEIR GRAVES, AND NOW BELOW MY NAME, JOHN IS DIGGING MY GRAVE...

OH, MY GOD, NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT CAN'T!

DOROTHY

DIG IT, DOROTHY! JOHN THE CROWD!



MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE, TERROR-LOVERS, AND EYE THIS LITTLE TALE ABOUT A SKEPTIC WHO LEARNS THAT EYES CAN INDEED KILL! IT'S HOT, AND HIS SWEAT BURNS HIS EYELIDS, HALF-SHUT BY THE BLINDING SUN! BUT HIS WISDOM IS IMPAIRED IN MORE THAN THIS! SOX PIOTRKIN, NOW DRIVING WEST ON INTERSTATE 66, IS AN ARCHETRICAL SALESMAN. A MANIPULATOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL WHOSE SHELL GAME IS PLAYED WITH PEOPLE, HIS NEW-POINT WILL CHANGE, HOWEVER, WITH AN APOCALYPTIC REVELATION THAT IS SURE TO BE AN...

Eye Opener!

TURNERSVILLE 115M

AURALEON

DAMN THIS CONVENTION! ALL OF HIS OTHER PLUNKIES JUST DWING TO GO, AND OLD MAN BLAU PICKS ME! I'M HIS BEST SALESMAN, HE THINKS! SO HE SENDS ME-- LIKE HE WAS DOING ME A FAVOR!

DRIVING, HE FEELS HIS DAY-OLD SHIRT TIGHTEN WETLY AROUND HIM, AND HIS LACK OF SLEEP CATCH UP WITH HIM...

SUMMER AFTERNOONS IN THE MIDWEST -- AS HOT AS A BICHTORCH AND AS SUBLT AS A BURNING CANDLE... SILENT ENOUGH TO EVOKE A SCENE FROM HEAT-HAZED CONSCIOUSNESS...

TURNERSVILLE 100 M.

100 MILES? NEVER MAKE IT TO THE HOTEL, IN TURNERSVILLE TONIGHT! BETTER FIND A PLACE TO CRASH FOR THE NIGHT!

SHOULD'VE DONE THAT YEARS AGO, HEE, HEE... WISH I COULD SEE HER FACE WHEN SHE FINDS OUT THERE AREN'T GOING TO BE ANY MORE ALUMINUM PAYMENTS!

Gloria
Please close
dead... last
Sally

ART BY AURALEON / STORY BY DOUGLAS MOENCH

OF COURSE, DOING WITHOUT HER HAD ITS DISADVANTAGES. THERE WERE CERTAIN CREATURE COMFORTS HE WAS ABLE TO ENJOY WITH HER, NO MATTER. HE'D COMPENSATE WHEREVER HE'D SPEND THE NIGHT. HE WOULD GET HIMSELF ANOTHER CREATURE...

THERE'S A GRUESOME LITTLE JOINT, BUT FROM HERE IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S THAT OR NOTHING, I GUESS. OH, WELL...

I REMEMBER THOSE FLICKS WHERE THE TEENAGE COUPLE STAYS THE NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE AND THE GUY KEELS SAYING, "ANY PORT IN A STORM!" LOOKS LIKE (SHUDDER!) I GOT ME A PORT! I GOT A 50-50 CHANCE... HEADS I GET A MONSTER'S HAUNT...

... TAILS, I HAVE A DECENT PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!



I DUNNO, MISTER... LET ME TALK IT OVER WITH GRANDMA A MINUTE!

SHE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER AS SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARK RECESSES... HE SHIVERS ON THE PORCH, WAITING WHILE THE SKY ACKNOWLEDGES THE HORROR-MICRO CLICHE BY STRIKING WITH LIGHTNING - A THUNDER STORM! FINALLY, SHE REAPPEARS...



THIS IS GRANDMA, DON'T MIND HER, SHE'S BLIND... ER... GRANDMA DON'T GET AROUND MUCH, AND, UH, WE DON'T GET MUCH MONEY AROUND HERE 'CPTIN' HER PENSIONS AN STUFF, AND SO I WAS WONDERIN' -- WE LL, WE'LL NEED THAT MONEY MORN' MISTER!



SHE ELUDES HIS FRYING GAZE, AND STEPS LIGHTLY THROUGH A SWINGING DOOR... SHE RETURNS WITH A TRAY, NOT, HOWEVER, DR-ICE SMOKING LIKE A MOVIE WITCH'S BREW, THE CLICHE WASN'T HOLDING UP ALTOGETHER...



A NICE COMPLIMENT, BUT A LITTLE UNSETTLING, COMING FROM A BLIND WOMAN...UNNERVING ENOUGH TO GIVE PLOTKIN A START, SPILLING HIS COFFEE...

BU-BUT...
BU-BUT...?

YOU'RE WONDERING
HOW I CAN SEE, AREN'T
YOU, MR. PLOTKIN? IT'S
VERY SIMPLE. THESE
ARE MY EYES.

TH-THANK
YOU -- DORS!

OH, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT. WENDY WILL
TAKE CARE OF IT
LATER, MR.
PLOTKIN.

DISBELIEVING, PLOTKIN MANAGES TO GET OUT A "GOODNIGHT" AND FOLLOWS THE LOVELY GIRL UP THE STAIRS...

DON'T WORRY NONE ABOUT HER. SHE
LIKES TO PUT ON A BIG SHOW! SHE'S
BEEN LIVIN' ALONE SO LONG - I MEAN
WITHOUT GRANDMA -
THAT SHE-SHE...
WELL, SHE AINT
RIGHT...

OUR
GUEST DOESN'T
BELIEVE, GERALD.
NO MATTER, THEY
SEEM TO GO!

WHITE I'D BETTER
SHOW M-MISTER PLOTKIN
TO HIS ROOM, GRANDMA!
BYE... GOODNIGHT,
GRANDMA!

NOT TOO
MUCH, MR.
PLOTKIN. WE'RE
ALL BY
OURSELVES
OUT HERE...

OH SENILE.
HUM PHAT'S TOO BAD.
HEY, IS THERE ANYTHING
TO... UH... DO AROUND
HERE... I MEAN AT
NIGHT?

YOU'RE
BEAUTIFUL. I
COULDN'T
RESIST!

AND THE WAY
SHE LOOKS...
WHY NOT?

HE THINKS OF HIS WIFE, AND OF HOW LONG HE HAS BEEN AWAY FROM HER AS HE FORCES A KISS ON THE GIRL, AND SOMETHING MUTE IN WENDI BREAKS FORTI. SHE ALMOST FEELS A KIND OF LOVE FOR THE POOR AND LONELY STRANGER... ALONE, SO MUCH LIKE HERSELF.

YOUR GRANDMOTHER CERTAINLY IS A STRANGE CHARACTER! WHAT DID SHE MEAN ABOUT THE BOX BEING HER EYES?

INSIDE IT IS A PAIR OF EYES! REAL HUMAN EYES! PRESERVED!

WHAT THE B---BUT WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD WOULD SHE WANT WITH... WITH...?

I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK THIS, BUT... MR. WHAT WAS YOUR GRANDFATHER'S NAME?

GERALD!
WHAT?

PLOTKIN ISN'T SURPRISED TO FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT, NOR IS HE SURPRISED TO DISCOVER HIMSELF ANXIOUS TO LEAVE THE HOUSE NEXT MORNING, WHEN...

WELL, GIVE ME, MR. PLOTKIN! IT'S BEEN... INTERESTING!

THANKS A LOT, WENDI! I, ER, ENJOYED IT, TOO!

SHE'S SICK! LIKE I TOLD YA, THEY'RE HER HUSBAND'S EYES! WHEN GRANDPA DIED SHE WENT ALL TO PIECES! THEY CREMATED HIM, BUT SHE ASKED THEY KEEP HIS EYES! SHE'S HAD 'EM EVER SINCE! SAY, SHE CAN SEE WITH 'EM! REAL SICK!

MISTER PLOTKIN!! I SAW IT! I SAW IT ALL!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

GRANDDAUGHTER! PURE! BUT ALIENED BY FOLK! YOU HEAR ME? ALIENED! SHE THINKS SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ME! THE POOR FOOL! I'VE COME HERE LIKE ALL OF 'EM! WITH YORE EYES FULL O' LUST AND LOOKIN' PER SIN!



...IMPACT!



THERE IS THE KIND OF SILENCE THAT USUALLY ACCOMPANIES DEATH, BUT SGT. PLOTHIN IS NOT SO LUCKY. HE IS LEFT TO MOAN AND WRETCH ON THE RAVEN- MENT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. HIS BLOOD DISCOLORS THE RECENTLY- PAINTED WHITE LINE THAT DIVIDES THE HIGHWAY INTO TWO LANES...

GOOD
GOD -- I CAN'T
SEE! MY EYES!
MY EYES!! SWEET
JESUS IN HEAVEN, I'M
BLIND! HELP ME,
SOMEBODY! I CAN'T
SEE! MY EYES! MY
GOD, MY EYES...!



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People



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VAMPI'S FLAMES

Writer Profile: GREG POTTER



Writer Greg Potter

On a cold, windy November evening in Rhode Island, a most curious little child was born. It was in the winter of 1953 and the doctor remembered it well, for they'd never seen an infant born with a comic book in his hand before. He turned out oddly enough, to be me! My obsession for comic art began when I was about nine. I often remember my mom shouting me out of the house for some fresh air because I'd spend too much time drawing small crayon comic books of such forgettable characters as Guts Man, Groundhog, Chemical Man and other creations of mine. When, a few years later, I began to publish a fanzine called *CD Fan Fair*, both my mom and dad encouraged me quite a bit. In it, I wrote and drew a comic strip called "Negative Utopia" which

Scenes from the work of Greg Potter: Right, LM Recca's haunting treatment of "The Trap" from *Eerie #36*, and below, Richard Corben on "Friedheim, the Magmalignant" - CREEPY #46.



was an unbelievable hit. Everyone enjoyed it, and I enjoyed the trout my mom got just concerning it. At the same time, I regularly became the last of all my English classes in school with my compositions and poems. I decided that this was what God had put me on earth for: to write and give enjoyment to others through my writings. That is why I was so thrilled when Witman Publishing accepted my first script. I was reaching hundreds of readers, each one having the potential to enjoy my work—and if you do, I am whole.

Other than being a weirdo writer, I'm a pretty normal kid really. I live in suburbia with my mom, dad, two brothers and my grandma. My hobbies are sailboating, folk-rock music (especially Cat Stevens), artwork, and pretty girls. My favorite authors are Ray Bradbury, J.D. Salinger, and Aldous Huxley. My favorite comics artists (believe you've all been waiting for, right?) are Will Eisner, Neal Adams, Al Williamson and George Metzger. My ambitions? I'll never stop writing, that's for sure. When I get older, I hope to get into novel writing. But as of now, that's only a dream—a beautiful, beautiful dream!



SPECTRE OF A GODDESS

Most people would have taken the bright object that streaked across the night sky to be a shooting star. But the trained eyes of Professor Stephen Jameson perceived it as something else. He set off after it. He had covered only a few miles when he beheld the smoldering remains of an alien spaceship, torn to pieces in the crash. As he studied the wreck he sensed something was behind him. Jameson used his flashlight, and saw a strikingly beautiful woman, apparently the only occupant of the star craft.

He got a closer look at her. She had large, warm, green eyes which seemed to gaze into his soul. "We must go to my home."

"My name is Altara, of the world Koraden."

Jameson asked, "what happened to your ship?" She stammered slightly. "A meteor struck it, and I went out of control. She looked at his eyes. He suspected nothing.

In the weeks that followed Jameson realized he was slowly falling in love with this space born Goddess, and though she felt affection for her benefactor, she denied it. When he asked if anyone knew she had crashed, she would not answer him. The answer soon became apparent when, after she had been on earth a month, a large starship landed the earth's atmosphere. Its occupants had located Altara's wrecked ship and then her. It touched down about a hundred yards from Jameson's home, and from within came an alien. "We, the Guardians of Koraden, demand that you return

to us Altara X-12A, escaped convict." Jameson turned to the tall girl who trembled behind him. "What do they mean?" "I lied to you, Stephen. From where I hid, I was a criminal. My ship was delivering me to a prison planet," she spoke softly, "or for execution." Jameson covered her face with his hands, and Altara turned her face away.

Again the voice called out from the ship. "Surrender, Altara X-12A, or we shall be forced to kill your companion." Altara turned and stepped toward her executioners. Jameson grabbed her by the arm, and cried out to the Guardians. "No! I love her. You cannot have her! She turned to him, her eyes glowing. "On my world, we possess hypnotic powers. What you see now is an illusion." She began to change into a hideously ugly creature and Jameson released her arm. "This is what I really am! No beautiful woman, but an ugly monster." She changed back into human form. "Remember me like this, Stephen." A tear fell down her cheek. "I love you too." She turned and walked over to the Koraden ship. He did not realize, nor would he ever, that she had once again lied to him. She was in her normal form, not as a monster, but as a beautiful woman.

A beam of light from the ship enveloped Altara. A moment later the ship streaked off into space. Jameson looked at the burned circle the beam had made and a tear fell down his own cheek as he turned his face to the stars.

RON MARTIN

THE TIME IS NEVER

The time is never. The place is nowhere. There is nothing to see and nothing to do. There are lights, then no lights. All is in darkness. All is in light. Nothing is possible. Nothing is impossible. You are drifting through space and time without a care in the world, because for you there is no world. Ever drifting, never resting, life is an eternity. Death is an eternity. Drifting, drifting, ever drifting. Never resting, ever drifting. Transitions, transitions, and more transitions. Transitions from night into day, light into dark, and possible into impossible. Sometimes heavy, sometimes light, you drift on forever until you are reborn. For the time is Death.

WENDY CRABTREE



Frightening fan art of Cleopatra holding the skull of one of her former admirers comes from the fertile mind of HUDSON HILL.

THE SAFE

She had always loved her husband Or, at least, that was what she had always told herself. But in reality she hated him, hated his pernicious smile and acts of kindness.

Every evening, the two of them would follow the same routine. He would come home, they would sit down for dinner, all the while saying very little to each other. After dinner, he would retire to his study, locking the door behind him.

The doctor came to her house to inform her of her husband's death. She had put on a good act of sorrow, that thoroughly convinced the doctor how much she missed her husband.

He had no cause to question her motive, to dig any deeper into the nature of her husband's untimely death. As best he could, the doctor, an old and kindly man, well on in years and their family physician for as long as she could remember, offered what little solace he could muster in her hour of grief. Secretly she laughed for it was heaven to be finally rid of him, finally rid of the endless remembrance that her husband had become. Towards his last he was little better than a vegetable, a human vegetable who needed the cold and quiet seclusion of his study to foster and mold.

She was ecstatically happy now. Finally, she had reason to live. Her life would flower. She thought of beginning a career she had long since given up hope for in marriage. All things seemed wondrous and sparkled with the gold of hope. She had cast off her abattoirs and the air was for

cleaner and fresher than she remembered it being in ages. It was almost like she had been re-born a new woman. All during the day, she was a bundle of nerves. Only once did she smile, and that was when her dear departed husband's lawyer informed her of his insurance policy, which happened to make her a very rich widow.

It wasn't till ten-o'clock that she was left alone. The first thing she did was to get his key ring. She then entered his study, and for a moment, was stunned by the silence that filled the close confines of the room. With a shrug, she came out of her stupor, and walked over to a large painting. She took it down, to reveal a small wall safe. She looked through the numerous keys on his key chain that she held. She chose one, and unlocked the safe. For a moment, only for a moment, she hesitated in opening the safe. Then she wrinkled open the door, and began to scream.

Now, she knew the answer to the many things that had plagued her for the past four years. Now, she knew why there were no mirrors throughout the house, no reflective surfaces. Now, she knew why she had not been permitted to ever leave the house. And finally, now she knew the result of her accident of four years ago, how it had scarred her once beautiful face. The reflection of her face in the mirror at the safe, the scorched skin and distorted features, was enough to drive her mad.

As for why it did not affect her late husband, maybe it was because he was blind.

RICHARD PICKMAN



Horrible closeup of a castrated VAMPIRELLA leaning at you, perhaps for some warm, red blood was drawn in the dark of night under the light of the moon by BILL BRYAN.

Advance Guard

Jordan landed the J-714 Galactrocruiser, while Kyrrila checked the landing area with a periscope. Jordan could see that he was worried and asked why. "I still think we should have investigated more fully before landing here. All we know is that the planet supports rational life, but we should have first ascertained what the dominant species was."

Jordan impudently brushed aside the suggestion of his subordinate. "I realize you only graduated from the Exploration Division of Interstellar University last year, but your instructions must have informed you that throughout the galaxy ours is always the dominant race among the myriad forms of creation."

Kyrrila was still worried, but obeyed his orders, and the two explorers left the ship. Within 15 minutes they had found a substantial number of creatures very similar to themselves.

Kyrrila was still doubtful and urged caution, but Jordan called him a ridiculous fool and ordered him to watch how communication could be established with an alien species to learn the extent of their strength. They approached one of the creatures and Jordan spoke in Versa, the uniform language of the Galaxy's civilized worlds, asking the stranger to take them to a governmental or military official. The strange creature ignored the question and continued to eat his dinner. Jordan tried several other languages with the same result, thus ordered Kyrrila to put on his portable

telecommunicator, which would enable him to read the mind of their indifferent host.

"I can't get any rational thought patterns. It's like trying to read the mind of an animal. I can't believe that such minds could be the dominant race on a planet like this."

Jordan was getting angry. "Are you blind? You can see they are just like us. Well turn off our force fields to see if they interfered with the telecommunicator."

Kyrrila doubted the wisdom of this, but obeyed orders. A few minutes later the strange creature hurriedly left without ever responding to their inquiries. "As soon as we return to the J-714 I am going to report this planet ripe for invasion. These creatures are like our remote ancestors over a million years ago and will never be able to resist our force."

Suddenly a shadow appeared over the two explorers. Kyrrila looked up and reached to turn on his force field, but it was too late. An immense object smashed against them, crushing them against the earth. They both died almost instantaneously.

I got two of them this time, Mary. Those miserable flies can certainly spoil a picnic. Hey, I never saw flies quite like this before."

"Oh, Fred, stop worrying about a few useless flies and think about something important like our daughter's graduation next week or the condition of the economy or Vietnam. You're always concerned with trivialities."

"I guess you're right, Mary. How are the hot dogs coming?"

DOUGLAS W. JUSTICE

THE GIFT

Emma walked into the little shop and purchased just what she had been looking for. She then went home, wrapped it up and sent the package to her most hated enemy, Sarah Williams. A week later, Sarah received the package. Inside was a makeup set. Sarah was puzzled but her hand seemed to have a life of its own as it reached for the makeup. Sarah was helpless as her hands applied the grotesque makeup. At night Sarah tried to remove the makeup but it wouldn't come off. Sarah screamed as she clawed at her face in a desperate effort to remove it. Her son found her still clawing at the makeup long since gone but by this time she had ripped most of the skin from her face.

HENRY C. BRENNAN



Sketch of VAMPIRELLA is shown with a determined look of freedom on her face was done by bewitching reader CARA SHERMAN.

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PROLOGUE:

IT HAD ALL HAPPENED SO FAST. ONE MOMENT, FURION MARLEY AND HIS BROTHER FEIN WERE SAUNTERING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CARONZIA...

THIS VESSEL OF SHAKA'S VENOM, AND GOATSMAN SMELLS OF SATAN'S CROPS! I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO CARRY IT

AVE BEING THE SONS OF THE TOWN SCREEM, IS NO EASY ROLE TO PLAY, YET, FATHER NEEDS THAT CONDOCTION FOR HIS WORK...

AND THE NEXT MOMENT, CONFUSION!

FEIN, WHAT'S THIS? WHY IS EVERYONE RUNNING LIKE A PACK OF FRIGHTENED DOGS?

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, FEIN AND FURION WERE TO FIND OUT...

GREAT SANATOS! AN INVASION!

I KNOW NOT, BROTHER.

FURION NEVER KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO FEIN. HE ONLY KNEW THAT HE HAD NOT RUN QUITE FAST ENOUGH...

RUN FURION! RUN!

AND AS HE FELL, HE LOST HOLD OF THE VIAL OF FLUID WHICH SPLASHED IN HIS FACE.



BY THE TIME FURLON
AWOKE, THE CITY HAD
FALLEN AND ITS CONQUERER,
JENWRAIL THE MIGHTY,
STOOD BEFORE THE YOUTH.

FURLON'S SKIN CRANCHED
AT JENWRAIL'S DOLY SIGHT,
BUT AS HIS LIPS MOVED
TO VOICE DEFIAENCE...

HO!
THE LAD
AWAKES. LOOK
UPON YOUR
NEW EMPEROR.
FURLON!

NO BOY, YOU CANNOT
SPEAK. YOU DRANK IN
TOO MUCH OF THAT
VILE-SMELLING BREW
YOU CARRIED, AND IT
TOOK AWAY YOUR
TONGUE...

...AS WELL AS
YOUR FEATURES!
SUCH A PITIFUL
FATE FOR THE
SON OF A
SORCEROR.
EH, FURLON?

DAZED, FURLON'S THOUGHTS
INNOCLED AROUND HIS SKULL
LIKE A CYCLONE. HE SHOOK
HIS HEAD "YES".

THE IDEA REPULSED FURLON,
YET, WHAT ELSE WAS
THERE? THE CITY WAS
CONQUERED; FEIN WAS
DEAD OR MISSING; AND
HE HIMSELF WAS
HOPELESSLY SCARRED.

DON'T DESPAIR SO, BOY!
JENWRAIL THE MIGHTY CAN
AT LEAST OFFER YOU PARTIAL
FREEDOM FROM YOUR RATHER
UGLY STATE! I COULD ARRANGE
TO HAVE YOUR VOICE RETURNED.
WOULD YOU LIKE THAT,
FURLON?

EXCELLENT, MY BOY...
EXCELLENT! BUT, WE MUSTN'T
EXPECT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING,
MUST WE? IF I AM TO RETURN
YOUR VOICE, YOU MUST DO SOME-
THING FOR ME...HOW WOULD YOU
ENJOY BEING MY COURT
SORCEROR?

HE AGREES!
HE AGREES?
RING THE BELLS
AND INFORM THE
POPULANCE!
FURLON, THE SORCEROR
IS BORN!

HERE'S A TALE THAT
HAPPENED SOME
"KNIGHTS" AGO
CALLED...

VENGEANCE BROTHER VENGEANCE!

THE EVIL GENERAL
HAS CHANGED CARLONIA
MUCH SINCE I LAST
LIVED THERE. IT IS NO LONGER
THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE
OF MY YOUTH!
MY HEART STOPS AT
THE SIGHT!

Luis
Dominguez

SLIPPING FROM HIS UNICORN, AN OLDER FEIN HARTLEY SCURRIES TOWARDS THE MOAT SURROUNDING CARLONIA.

MAY GANATOS

HAVE MERCY ON JENNARL
ONCE MY FINGERS CLOSE
ROUND HIS SLIMY
THROAT !

FEIN SLIDES INTO THE BRINE AND THE MOAT WATER HISSES AS HIS LITHE FORM CUTS ITS SURFACE.

Ooooh... THE WATER
SEEMS UNCOMMONLY
WARM ! I'D WAGER—
WAIT ! WHAT'S THAT
SOMETHING IS GRIPPING
MY LEG ?

IN SECONDS, HE WAS LOST BEHIND THE MOAT'S SURFACE !

A GIANT
TENTOCLOWN !
IT MEANS TO
HAVE ME FOR
A MEAL !

NO USE !
I'D HAVE NO MORE LUCK
THAN IF I WAS WHIPPING HIM
WITH A SPROUT OF BARLEY !
NOR CAN I FREE MYSELF
FROM HIS GRASP. THERE
MAY BE ONE CHANCE,
HOWEVER...

SUDDENLY FEIN GOES UMP !

IF I PLAY
DEAD, IT SHOULD LOOSEN
ITS HOLD ON ME AND
BRING ME TO ITS MOUTH.
WHEN I GET CLOSE
ENOUGH...

...UP I DART !



UNAWARE THAT HIS GUARDIAN OF THE MOAT HAS BEEN DISPOSED OF, JENWRAL GOES ABOUT HIS DAILY DUTIES.



FURLON TAKES
HIS PLACE JUST
AS A TROLL
GUARD ENTERS
CARRYING...

BEHOLD, FURLON!
MY FUTURE BRIDE!
LOVELY, IS SHE NOT?

AND WHAT
IS THIS LASS'S
NAME, GUARD?

AYE,
YOUR GREATNESS.
LOVELY.



BUT LET ME CORRECT YOU,
SPITFIRE! YOU ARE THE BETROTHED
OF JENWRAL THE MIGHTY! FURTHER-
MORE, ONCE I TURN YOU OVER TO
MY COURT SORCEROR, FURLON, YOU
WILL LIKE ME BETTER! FURLON
HAS WAYS OF ALTERING
ONE'S EGO—VERY
PERMANENT WAYS!
ISN'T THAT
RIGHT, FURLON?
FURLON?

ANSWER ME,
DAMN YOU!
I AM YOUR KING!

UH, OH!
FORGIVE ME, SIRE,
MY MIND... I WAS
ELSEWHERE.



WITH A SNORT OF DISGUST, JENWRAL ORDERS THE GIRL TO BE TAKEN TO FURLON'S QUARTERS.



AS FURLON OPENS HIS MOUTH IN PROTEST, HE FINDS THAT HE CAN UTTER NOTHING.

AS FOR YOU SORCERER, YOU'D BEST KEEP YOUR WANDERING MIND UPON THE BUSINESS AT HAND; UNLESS YOU WISH THE LOSS OF YOUR VOICE AGAIN! ... IN FACT, I THINK I SHALL DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR VOCAL CORDS ... AT LEAST UNTIL YOU'VE COMPLETED YOUR PRESENT TASK TO MY SATISFACTION!

ALTER THAT GIRL'S MIND! I WANT HER DOCILE, MAKE HER ADORE ME, WORSHIP ME; ONLY THEN ONLY WHEN YOU EARN IT, WILL YOUR VOICE BE RETURNED!



BUT FURLON... HARDLY HEARS HIS EMPEROR'S FRENZIED ORDERS. SILENT, HE WALKS A LONG SPARSILY-LIT BRICK-LINED CORRIDOR.



MEANWHILE, FERN HAS FOUND A PASSAGEWAY INTO THE CASTLE.

AT LEAST THE OLD SEWERS OF THE CITY HAVE BEEN PRESERVED, IT USED TO BE GREAT FUN TO EXPLORE THESE TUNNELS IN MY CHILDHOOD DAYS. NOW I NEED THEM TO GET WITHIN THE CASTLE'S DREAD WALLS SO THAT I MAY RESCUE MELANDRA, MY BETROTHED!



THAT GIRL SAID SHE WAS BETROTHED TO FEIN HARTLEY! CAN IT BE? IS MY BROTHER STILL ALIVE THEN? OH SANATOS, I PRAY IT BE SO!



AND MAYHAP IF MY SWORD FIND HIM, SLAY THE INSIDIOUS JENWRAL AND AVENGE THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER, FURLON!

AND WHILE FEIN THINKS ON HIS LONG LOST BROTHER, FURLON DWELLS UPON FEIN...

OH, IF ONLY I COULD SPEAK! THE QUESTIONS I HAVE TO ASK—THEY RASP IN MY SILENT THROAT LIKE THE WOODSMAN'S SAW! IS FEIN ALIVE?

YOU'RE STRANGELY SILENT, SORCEROR! IS IT GUILT THAT HOLDS YOUR TONGUE IN ITS BLASPHEMOUS GRIP?

I THOUGHT I'D SEE HOW YOU WERE COMING ALONG, FURLON. AND HOW ARE YOU, MY PRECIOUS LITTLE BRIDE?

FURLON!

I AM BRIDE TO NO MONSTER!

MONSTER AM I! WE'LL SEE... EH? WHAT'S THAT NOISE? WHO'S THERE?

FEIN!

AND WHAT SORT OF RABBLE MIGHT THIS BE WHO DARES INTERRUPT JENWRA AND HIS COURT SORCERER AT THEIR WORK?

MY BROTHER!

AT THE SIGHT OF JENNALR, FEIN'S BLOOD BOILS! FEIN LIFTS HIS SWORD ABOVE HIS HEAD IN READINESS TO STRIKE AT JENNALR! JENNALR CONVERS BACK AND FURLON RUSHES AT HIS BROTHER.

DO YOU REMEMBER FEIN HARTLEY, SCUM? DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE HIM WHOSE BROTHER'S BLOOD YOU SPILT AND WHOSE BROTHROED YOU'VE STOLEN? DO YOU NOT SEE YOUR EXECUTIONER? //

FURLON, FEARING THAT THROUGH JENNALR'S DEATH HIS VOICE WILL BE LOST FOREVER, LEAPS IN BETWEEN THE TWO ENEMIES ONLY TO RECEIVE THE BLOW INTENDED FOR JENNALR!

BADLY WOUNDED AND BLEEDING UNCONTROLLABLY, FURLON FALLS TO THE FLOOR AS...

LOYAL SERVANTS YOU HAVE, JENNALR! THAT ONE WOULD DIE IN YOUR PLACE!

BAH! THINK YOU THAT FEIN HARTLEY CANNOT MAKE SHORT WORK OF A SIMPLE CAT?

SO WOULD THIS ONE, HARTLEY! KILL HIM, MY PET!

BUT FURLON GROANS FOR THIS IS NO SIMPLE CAT IT IS A CAMELEON-LIKE MONSTER, A BODY-GUARD FASHIONED BY FURLON'S OWN MAGICAL HERBS AND INCANTATIONS!

GREAT SANATOS!

AND IT WRAPS ITSELF ABOUT
FEIN BREATHING HOT DEATH
INTO HIS FACE!



IT STRIKES REPLACING FEIN'S
RED BLOOD WITH DEADLY GREEN
VENOM!



HE STRIKES, TEARING INTO THE
CREATURE'S BLACK BLOOD WITH
HIS BROADSWORD BLADE!



THEY BOTH STRIKE AGAIN
AND AGAIN, BUT ONLY ONE
FALLS INTO THAT BOTTOM-
LESS ABYSS THAT IS DEATH.

NOW,
FOR YOU,
GENERAL!



NO, HARTLEY! NOW FOR YOU! YOU'RE TIRED OUT FROM THAT BATTLE, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY DEFEAT ME! WHAT'S MORE, YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T!



NAY, TYRANT!
I KNOW THAT NOT!

A CLUMSY EFFORT, HARTLEY!



BUT AS JENNALR PARRYS THE FLYING SWORD, FEIN LEAPS FOR HIS ENEMY'S THROAT!

I EASILY THRUST ASIDE YOUR THROW, THUS... AWP!



FOR A BRUTAL WHILE, THE DUO ROLL ABOUT THE FLOOR IN A FRENZIED STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF JENNALR'S SWORD!



ABRUPTLY, THE UPPER HAND GOES TO FEIN!

WHUMP!



AND HE USES IT!

ARRRGH...

AND AT THE MOMENT OF JENNIRAL'S DEATH, FURLON AT LAST FINDS HIS VOICE !

FEIN !

BUT HIS BROTHER'S NAME IS THE LAST THING THAT FURLON WILL EVER UTTER FOR WITH A GROANING SIGH, THE SORCEROR FALLS BACK INTO A POOL OF HIS OWN LIFE'S BLOOD... DEAD !

BUT HIS CRY DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED !

Did you hear that, Melandra ? That was my brother Furlon or his ghost ! Yes ! Yes ! That's it ! It was his ghost crying out his praise to me for avenging his death.

NO THANKS NECESSARY FURLON ! NO THANKS NECESSARY !

IF YOUR BROTHER'S GHOST EVER REALLY COMES BACK, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET MUCH THANKS, FEIN !



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PREVIEW OF VAMPIRELLA NEXT ISSUE

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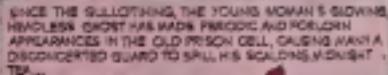
VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

REVENGE HAS, UPON INFREQUENT BUT TERRIFYING OCCASIONS BEEN KNOWN TO EXTEND BEYOND THE GRAVE — ESPECIALLY IF ONE, IN THE PROCESS OF DEATH, HAS LOST SOMETHING, AS HAS...

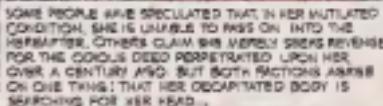
THE HEADLESS HAUNTRESS OF SHEPTON PRISON

FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, SHEPTON MALLETT PRISON IN SOMERSET, ENGLAND, HAS BEEN HAUNTED BY ETHERAL HABITATIONS OF A GHOSTLY INHABITANT. TERRIFIED GUARDS SPEAK IN HOARSE WHISPERS OF HELLISH BANGS, RAPPINGS, AND RODDINGS, BUT OVERSHADOWING THESE IS THE MYSTERIOUS SIGH OF HEAVY BREATHING WHICH REGULARLY RUMINATES FROM AN UNINHABITED CELL...

EVEN THE ENIGMATIC WHO NEVER CAN BE EXPLAINED NATIVES OF THE SMALL ENGLISH TOWN STILL SPEAK OF THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO WAS BEHEADED AT THE PRISON IN 1840. SHE HAD OCCUPIED THE CELL WHICH NOW HOUSES THE PRISON'S "MURK PRESENCE"...



SINCE THE GUILLOTINING, THE YOUNG WOMAN'S GLOWING HEADLESS GHOST HAS MADE FREQUENT AND FEARFUL APPEARANCES IN THE OLD PRISON CELL, CAUSING MANY A DISMISSED GUARD TO SPILL HIS SCALDING MORNIGHT TEA...



SOME PEOPLE HAVE SPECULATED THAT IN HER MUTILATED CONDITION, SHE IS UNABLE TO PASS ON INTO THE HEREABOUTS. OTHERS CLAIM SHE MERELY SEEKS REVENGE FOR THE CIRCOUS DEED PERPETRATED UPON HER, OVER A CENTURY AGO. BUT BOTH FACTIONS AGREE ON ONE THING: THAT HER DECAPITATED BODY IS SEARCHING FOR HER HEAD...

HERE SHE IS!

FULL-COLOR 6' POSTER OF VAMPIRELLA

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